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THE STORY OF ULLA.

old at the Edge of the Northern Sea, and Written for This Paper.

BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

We crept out by the green island of hymnoes, where the white sheep were eding to the water's edge, and past oddo on our right, and the long, black tore of Bommels on the left, and so by any a green celand and dark rock out any a green celand and dark rock out to the spray and fresh salt wind wen-syfully lurching the old Sea Wolf. The othy pillow of the foam glittering ader her prow, and behind the green all of the Norway pines, and the gray ocks, and the sweet sea surge that imbled forever at their feet and threw a white arms up as though lover-like s white arms up as though, lover-like, would enlace its silver fingers with e green hair of the nodding braches ernead. Down went our gallant shore. wn peak, and pine, and point, and as e great black bosom of our mother as opened to us, her firstling sons, oudly we turned our faces west and and each eye grew bright at ought of the plunder to come, and ich heart beat high as we smelt the cense of fight in the strong breath of icense of fight in the strong breath of the sea. Oh! but I was proud as, my and on the pulsing tiller that throbbed nder the racing surges not less loudly han my heart, I stood by the high stern and led the wild, free song to Odin herewith my gallant company mocked he waves—proud! Oh, the salt spray sees again in these old eyes of mine ut to remember the fierce wine of life hat usurped my blood and flew here and there in my young veins that day his cold mind of mine burns again but recall the ecstasy of the unfettered assions that then beset me; but to link for an ungodly minute on those plendid vistas of unbridled lust and ruelty and rapine which dazed my ielty and rapine which dazed my

Well! it is over, and I do wrong even remember. No more the salt wind kes the war song of Ulla, like a herdof death, to the land of the stranger; oo more for him is the joyful rattle of the ranged shields clattering on his essel's side as she stoops to the steep lue valleys of the midland sea; no lore the old viking's plough shall turn hat frothy furrow he did once delight or; no more the lovely smoke of burnage theres shall rise from Illa's torch din's footstool; no more his stern art shall melt to pleasure as his veseast shall melt to pleasure as his vessel staggers homeward through the east and spume, and every swirl of secold dark water spinning enviously gainst her laboring side tell of rich under hid within. It is over for me, tit was a noble frenzy while it lasted. I that noon of our setting out we unged before a favoring wind across g the wave began to wear another color the sea shealed up to the British ore. At the same time the breeze we out with the sun and we took to r sweeps, and all night long under e starlight the Sea Wolf crept silently d secretly into the land. In the gray the morning that followed a haze ew up and under the curtain of the lite sea mist that lay soft and heavy wool on the gently rocking sea we ard the sound of the waves beating the dim North Umbrian shore. We proached as close as we dared, and in waited for the sun, rolling an idle ur or two on the smooth, long heave the swell, and, in the dead silence, tening to the chatter of the wild fowl en cliffs; or the chafe and creak of oar now and then in the rowlocks the hiss of the water swirling genagainst our sides. So still lay the Wolf in the shadow of the morning t that the shy grebes and speckled ers came padding all about her stared with eyes bead black with der to see the silver mist turn on a len into a painted, bulk with replace ien into a painted hulk with ranked and great damp sail aflap against , and great damp sail afiap against ruddy mast, and golden dragon heading the chill morning air aloft, and warriors leaning on battle-ax and rowding her deck. And strange wam lapping round, and the swift et's white pinions stirred Hafdan's as flag as she swept unheeding by gh the milky haze. No man among oke until on a sudden the curling ets in the east sparkled with liquid he hanging shroud of whiteness with a yellow radiance, a pright light shone through the rested waves, and as the free breath of the morning drifted can us, and each man drank of it. breath of the morning drifted con us, and each man drank of it. d silently, the curtain of the se lifted, and the yellow feet of came striding over the black of the restless northern sea. t and deep we laughed with the and my grim, stout fellows the mist-beads from their tawny en—muttering a prayer to Odin the white water fretted under

den—muttering a prayer to Odin in the white water fretted under tern of our ship and the long, slow of the oars fell with a pleasant d on the calm of the morning. In the description of the morning of the morning of the the calm of the morning. In the calm of the morning of the secret and that the speckled loons stood the speckled loon od wonderstruck and forgot to flybays and under grassy headlands and bights fringed with endless lonely adows and past fair estuaries where ne fields of westral crops were all raste between neglected woodlands ad southward constantly for many an bur, but nothing could we see to sack burn. Noon came and went, and the arm sweat glazed the sinewy fore-ms of my gallant rowers until at at I saw them begin to turn their conze faces over their hither

shoulders and angrily scan the ruined shore and swear deep between their strong white teeth; swear at the Dane who had swept this fair country so clean, swear at Biom Grimsar, and Hakonson the avaricious, and Inge the bloody, and Guthern of Hagbard, who had pillaged here last autumn and wiped out maid and matron, croft and castle, and left nothing for any honest viking who came after them. Ay! it was sad, we thought, to see so sweet a shoulders and angrily scan the ruined was sad, we thought, to see so sweet a country so void of life, and we pulled on southward for many miles, looking now on the sunny shore made by nature to be rich and happy, and yet had noth-ing on it to burn or plunder, and then turning sadly to our piles of bloodless swords and battle axes, our empty treasure boxes and untenanted rows of iron fetters for the white ankles of fair British girls. We had rowed on like this, cursing Biorn and Inge and Hakonson all the morning, and had seen nothing but the blackened ruins of a few villages upon the billedge when few villages upon the hillside, when, slipping by one lonely promontory, we saw upon the rocks a mad old woman, sad-eyed and lean and pinched, sole remnant of some pillaged English hamlet, who knew us for what we were upon the instant as she gathered her poor harvest on the beach and leaped upon a rock and cursed us fiercely out upon a rock and cursed us fiercely out of the black reservoir of her despair and hatred, cursed us for pirates and tyrants, asked where were the two-yellow-haired girls we stole ten years ago, where her two tall sons, where her hus-band and her kin, and tossed her tangled locks upon the wind and yelled and cried until, as we crept by, Thoralf of Visund took a javelin from the heap upon the deck and mocked her. "Where, you foul old sea hag? Where? Why, down in hell. Go there and look." And



"THE JAVELIN FLEW AND TOO TRUE"

as he spoke the javelin flew, and, too true, struck its mark and pierced deep into the old crone's withered bosom and with a scream of surprise and deathless hatred she spun round upon her heeis and grinned and staggered and then plunged headlong into the sea at her feet, and as we passed her crimson blood was spreading in a great red pool upon the dark heave of the smooth flowing surf.

I know not whether it were true, as

I know not whether it were true, as some among my comrades thought, that that thin old blood spilt so would bring us luck, but presently it is true enough we had another sign, for a raven came flying off from the land and circled round us and fell into our wake behind, and as the black wings of Odin's friend and messenger went flapping overhead a new spirit was born in my flerce crew. They stretched their hands to heaven and shouted with one voice a verse from out the raven war song, then down they went and with new courage stretched them to their oars until the red viking flag streamed bravely out astern and the shields rattled joyfully and the water lay in a white streak along the low-dipping gunwale of the old Sea Wolf. Cape and bay and headland slipped by. We had come into a botter peopled country, when on a sudden a Dane who kept our fore-watch slapped his hand upon his thigh and cried: "A burgh! a burgh! and not yet plundered!" And there, following the plundered! And there, following the point of his eager finger, we saw, three miles away, a strong hall upon a rocky promontory, with trees and meads about it green and fair, and sheep upon the hills and clustering huts below, all sweet and peaceful, and a little harbor—everything, indeed, that could glad a viking heart; and, truly grateful, we thanked the bird that had brought us fortune and newsed in a little creek to fortune, and paused in a little creek to wait for nightfall.

All the afternoon the longship lay out

All the afternoon the longship lay out of sight in the little cavern bay with cliffs, green-tasseled with hanging grasses, nearly meeting overhead, and below the smooth swell of the water heaving the long tangles of sea grass and weeds, and idly reflecting the stern faces and golden mail of that grim crew on board lolling about upon the deck or hanging over the loaded bulwark to watch the shining fishes at play deep down below. Who would have thought that pretty shadow listlessly rolling there on the heave of the wave was bent on such an errand? It was so still as we lay screened in the cover that you could hear the larks singing to themselves high up in the blue over the cliff grass, and the bubble and play of the water in the crevices of the rocks all round us; it was so still that presently this moit was so still that presently this mo notony grew wearisome to my fierce and heated spirit. I chafed and turned and impatiently watched the sun

which seemed as though it would never set, until at last a happy idea entered into my head—I would go and spy this burgh we were to plunder, see how big and strong it was, how many men held it and how much profit we were like to come by in the venture. With this fancy in my mind I venture. With this fancy in my mind I roused my handsome sleepy fellows, who, at my voice stretched their great limbs where they had lain sleeping on the rowers' benches or turned their eyes from gazing on the shining sea to look on one another and say "Ulla is madlyoung Ulla Erlingson is wholly mad!" But I pointed out how the madness would vantage us, how greatly it would help us to know the lie and nature of the hold, how I could disguise myself so that my mother should not know me, and learn and see all I could and be back again with them safe and sound, "or by dangling on a gibbet above the highest roof gave them something new to fight for"—as Sarp of Reyr said—before the twilight fell.

Like the brave fellows that they were, the bold fancy pleased them, and forth-with I was disguised as a ragged outcast, with a slouch hat and sorry coat and dirty-gartered legs, with worn wolfskin sandals; my yellow hair was knotted up and hidden in my cap, my face was daubed gray and lean with ash and mud, and with a little paint good Veder or the property as sorry as a sorry or the property. mud, and with a little paint good Vedrey put a sore or two upon my naked arms such as might come by want and long travel, and with a touch of red and green made to look most hideously new a long-healed wound or two I had upon my bosom. I seemed when it was done so miserable and lean and put so pitful a whine into my voice and leant so heavy on my long ash staff that all my jolly vikings fell a-laughing, and laughed so loud they hushed the droning of the blue pigeon brooding on her eggs and started the shaggy, greeneyed sea crows from their rocky pinnacles a mile away, and then they rowed me to a landing, and with jest and sage advice sent me on my dangerous errand.

It was a sweet place, that English burgh. Even now, long years after, I, old and wrinkled, still dream in the winter nights of the warm incense of that afternoon, and how the grateful sun drew fragrance from out the earth, and how sweet the yellow meadow flowers did smell about it, and how the apples blossomed on the hanger; and then across my evening vision even now there comes the black reek of its burning thatch and the hot steam of the blood in thatch and the hot steam of the blood in the hall by the banquet tables—ay, I conjure again all these years after in restless slumber the shine of its many roofs a-basking in the April sun, the blue-eyed children rolling in frolic sport about the grassy court—the twittering love songs of the new-come swallows on the roof ridge—and then athwart my sleep the black column of avenging smoke leaps to the star-lit midnight sky, the cruel tongues of leaping crimsom flame spring up, and the fierce, gasping cry of stricken men, the piercing shriek of women, and the low wall of butchered little ones affright my old and unstrung ears!

hospitality. All inland — stretching away into the dim blue distance—lay fertile fields and woods, shining greener than any other woods can shine, with brooks and streams between them flashing in the light, and splendid herds, enough to feast an army for a year, knee deep in the many cofored grasses, and then all this richness swept round by the shore of a little crescent bay to here where on a gently rising promontory the prince's castle stood. It stood up-on the very topmost flat of the hill, and was approached from below by a rough track fashioned of beams laid side by side, which circled up through the gorse and fern to its outer fence. Getting out upon that track I walked up the hill, secretly noting as I went each stock and stone of cover, and soon came to the first sweep of outer stockade. This was a great circle of pointed timbers eloping outward over a ditch from the creat of a tall earthen Fampart—strong fence, in-deed, and one that twenty men might hold against a hundred. I entered through the open gate of this and right in front rose another rempart and another palisade that made me sigh to look on—I had to walk half-way round the grassy flat between these two before I found a gate to pass the second timbers. But this latter entrance gained, it made me master of the place. Those it made me master of the place. Those two tall fences, strong in oaken timbers, mossy gates and iron rivets, shut in the whole hilltop, of which the other boundary was the sheer cliffs that dropped steep down into the sea below. And all this space was full of sheds and huts, and houses and huts, and houses and And all this space was full of sheds and buildings, and huts and houses, and granaries of corn and stacks of fodder for the beasts, and corn for soldiers, and here a thrashing floor, and there a well with rope and bucket, yonder a row of ovens and a drinking trough and much else. Then came a grassy green and next, along the verge, a little aloof from all, the prince's house. A fine wide house it stood upon the crag, with terraces and courts, doors and windows, strong stone outer walls and timbered arches, a goodly place, indeed, with the sun shining on it, a good wind-cock twirling about, red fish-tail tiles upon the roofs, brass studs upon the doors, and a colonnade round it with wide projecting eaves supported by unsmoothed and a colonnade round it with wide projecting eaves supported by unsmoothed pillars of oak, to which solid oak logs made steps all round. Partly behind this was the strong place of the fort, a tall, rough tower of solid masonry rising sheer into the air on the very verge of the cliff from the more peaceful dwell-

NOT IN HIS SET.

"Fudhams, do you know Scor e "Only in a business sort of way.

He is not exactly in our set, you know.
One has to be rather careful how one—
Ah, Scorjel, good morning. Fine day."
"Yes, it's a fine day. Mr. Fudhams, would it be convenient for you to pay me that \$15 you borrowed about six months ago?"



ing places around, and grim and win-dowless frowning down 200 feet into the white surge that broke and thundered

far below.

As I entered this burgh a few children were playing about upon the grass and some women were grinding corn in a stone mil at one place, while at another a young and fair serving maid was spinning flax upon the steps of the chief's house. A dog or two lay basking in the sun, and as they saw me and fell a-barking the damsel stopped her spinning, the corn mill came to a stop under the hands of the old crones, and the little the corn mill came to a stop under the hands of the old crones, and the little ones fied to cover like a flock of startled partridges. But I looked harmless enough, a ragged fellow there by the gate, gaunt and humble, and presently seeing they were reassured I advanced slowly and begged of the younger woman in the meanest whine my wit could master a drink of milk and an oaten cake to stay my hunger. That fair foreigner got up and took me into the hall—and a splendid hall it was—and put me at the servant's tressel, then calling some others, set milk and bread before me at the servant's tressel, then calling some others, set milk and bread before me. So I ate and drank and all the time kept counting the golden plates and ewers on the master's distant table and scanning his weapons or costly furs hung round the hall, and thinking how much my ship could earry home. Ay, and as each fair damsel filled my horn and platter, asking me in gentle civility and platter, asking me in gentle civility the while of my home and wayfaring, little did she know that I was wonder-ing how much she would fetch at the slave stakes in Throndjem market place, or whether she would scream greatly that night or no. Indeed, those comely, red-haired English maidens were so civil that had they not been barbarians and thus to us what the hinds of the valley are to the hill wolves and the speckled salmon to the gray ospreys I might almost have rued the red night's work that was at hand. But as things about the grassy court—the twittering love songs of the new-come swallows on the roof ridge—and then athwart my sleep the black column of avenging smoke leaps to the star-lit midnight sky, the cruel tongues of leaping crimsom flame spring up, and the fierce, gasping cry of stricken men, the piercing shriek of women, and the low wall of butchered little ones affright my old and unstrung ears!

Ay, it seemed a sweet place that untouched, ancient English citadel as I hobbied out from the hazels and humble and decrepit as became me, craved its not, as she was then spinning with her maidens in the turret; that the master was wondrous rich, but old and feeble, and thus, having learned all I hoped for, with a last quick look round the place, I rose to go. As I turned one gentle



" TAREWELL, SRE SAID."

maid put a silver penny that she had maid put a silver penny that she had taken from a little store in the corner of her thread box into my hand. "Farewell," she said, "old man, and may the good God guide you; it ever grieves my heart to see one poor and hungry," and that penny was put out at good interest, for that very night, when the burgh was burning, I saved her from the brief wooing of Vidkun the rough, and, leading her to the foss, showed her the coin and, pointing to the dark shade of the thickets, let her go free and unharmed. Thus I rejoined my comrades and told Thus I rejoined my comrades and told them all I had seen.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In the opinion of the Boston Traveler there is coming a day when the canned fruit industry will cease to be an enormous moneymaking enterprise, and the few who are now beginning to see the future of a business dealing with dried fruits will be multimillionaires. And the best of it will be that the profit of it will not be wholly with the dealers. Dried fruit sells at about half the price that canned fruit commands, and it will go five times farther. When such a reason will not appeal to a house-keeper the fact that it is superior to canned goods on account of the modern processes will make some impression. In California they have learned to prepare prunes so well that large quantities are shipped to France, the home of the prune, while California raisins have practically driven foreign raisins out of the market, and thousands of pounds of apricots and bears go to Europe.

Citisons of Mississippi's Capital Hurrying Away.

Advices of Wednesday state that Jackson, Mississippi's capital, is de-populated, its business houses closed, its newspapers suspended, seven cases of yellow fever officially announced at its very doors with many suspected cases at various points, an embargo on the railroads of the state and grave apprehensions that the dread disease has obtained a foothold in numerous parts of the state and wild alarm everywhere. Such were the conditions existing in the middle, western and northern portions

of the state Wednesday.

The worst fears of the medical fraternity and the public have been realized and the prevailing disease at Edwards has been pronounced yellow

The state board of health has laid a general embargo on travel except out of the state by means of an order promulgated Wednesday afternoon and addressed to all lines of transpor-

Travel from infected places is absolutely barred. The bright side of the situation is that the disease is of a very mild type.

The exodus from the city, which began in a small way several days ago, has attained unprecedented proportions.

While the state board advises all who can to leave, the railroads say they can handle the largest crowds. The most rigid local quarantine pre-

INVESTIGATION ORDERED.

Mr. Carter, of Engineer Corps, Charged With Changing Government Plans.

A Washington special says: The secretary of war has appointed a board of engineer officers, comprising Colonel Gillespie and Majors Adams and Raymond to proceed at once to Savannah, Ga., to investigate certain reports that have come to the war department to the effect that the work upon the river and harbor improvements of Savannah river and Cumberland sound under the charge of Captain Oberlin M. Carter, of the engineer corps, has not been done in accordance with the project of the department. It is expressly stated at the war department that there is no statement of irregularity in the accounts of Captain Carter, but merely a change of departure from the authorized plans of of the department.

The captain enters a most emphatic denial that he has done anything that was not in the interest of the United

Gillespie is president of the Mississippi river commission, stationed at New York. Major Adams for years was the righthand man of the chief of engineers at Washington and is now stationed at New York, while Major Raymond has charge of important works in Pennsylvania and a Delaware section.

FLANAGAN BROUGHT TO BAY.

Murderer Escapes From His Cell and Is Recaptured After a Struggle.

Great excitement prevailed in Decatur and Atlanta Wednesday over the report that Edward Flanagan, twice murderer, had escaped from the Decatur jail during Tuesday night.
When Sheriff Austin went up to the

cells to carry Flanagan his breakfast at 7 o'clock Wednesday morning the murderer was missing. An alarm was at once raised and a search immediately instituted. One of the searching parties found the murderer in another and unused cell of the jail into which he had mysteriously gained admit-tance and hid. When discovered Flanagan showed fight and attempted

to brain one of the intruders. In making the capture a desperate struggle ensued, in which Flanagan was finally brought to bay by a blow on the head from a scantling in the hands of the village blacksmith.

MILLIONS IN GOLD DUST

Reach San Francisco on Long Delayed Steamer from Alaska.

The long overdue steamer Excelsior. which left St. Michaels, Alaska, for San Francisco some six weeks ago, but was compelled to put back to Unalaska for repairs, having broken two blades of her propeller, arrived in port Wednesday with sixty-three passengers and about \$2,500,000 in gold dust.

WESTERN GRAIN FOR EUROPE.

Two Cargoes From Kansas City and St.

Louis to Be Shipped Via Charleston. A Charleston dispatch says: Two cargoes of western grain have been booked for Liverpool from Kansas City and St. Louis by way of Charles-

This means the opening of the new grain elevator on the South Carolina and Georgia railroad terminal and the establishment of direct trade with Eu-

The grain will come in over the South Carolina and Georgia railroad and western connections and the Charleston transport line of steamers.

JACKSON ALMOST DEPOPULATED. CYCLONE'S DEADLY WORK.

A BRACE OF TEAMS VILLAGES ALMOST DEMOLISHED.

MORE THAN A DOZEN LIVES LOST.

Many Houses Were Lifted From Their Foundations and Sent Spinning Through the Air.

A tornado, terrible in its velocity, struck the little city of Fort Arthur, Tex., at an early hour Sunday evening, and six people are known to have been killed while many others were injured.

Buildings were blown down and great damage was wrought by the cyclone.

It is known that much destruction was wrought at Sabine Pass, with probable loss of life. Fverything possible is being done to establish communication with that place.

The following telegram has just been received from a prominent citi-

zen at Beaumont:

"The relief train has just returned from Sabine Pass. It could not get nearer than eight miles of the place. It is reported that the new town is completely gone. Nothing heard from the old town. From reports things are bad."

are bad."

The dead are: Frank Albright,
George Martin, unknown man, May
Ainsworth, infant son of W. H. Johnson and Fritz Michaels, laborer.
Many are reported seriously injured.

Many buildings were blown down,
including the railroad roundhouse,
where May Ainsworth was killed, the
Natatorium, the bank building, Townsite company's barns. Hotel Hayden. Natatorium, the bank building, Townsite company's barns, Hotel Hayden, Strong & League's building, Brennan building, Colonade Hotel, Spence & Lyon's building, C. J. Miller's grocery store, several barns, Kenady's saloon, The Herald office, T. J. Wolfe's saloon, the Hayes building and M. M. Zollinski's grocery

saloon, the Hayes building and M. M. Zollinski's grocery.

Several residences suffered severely, one being carried across the street. Many outbuildings were completely blown away. From early morning the sky was threatening and a stiff gale blew. No rain of consequence fell until 4 p. m., and then it was accompanied by a heavy wind that increased in intensity until it reached a velocity of eighty miles an hour. Every building in the town is of frame constructure except one brick, the Port Arthur States government.

The board appointed to inquire into the matter is composed of the ablest men in the engineer corps. Colonel men in the engineer corps. Colonel and the roof of which were blown away.

The bodies of the victims were sent to Beaumont for interment, no cemetery having yet been started at Port Arthur.

Advices from Winnie, Tex., say that nearly all the houses there have been blown down. At Webb all of the barns and one house were demolished.

A later telegram received from Port Arthur reports seven killed, fifteen wounded, three lost at Sabine, damage slight, maximum velocity of the wind eighty miles per hour.

WOULD BUTCHER MILLIONAIRES.

Some Flery Speeches by "Social Democracy" Leaders In Chicago.

A Chicago dispatch says: Meetings of the various branches of the newly organized Social Democracy were held to discuss the recent Hazleton, Pa., tragedy, and some decidedly lurid language was indulged in by the speakers. Resolutions were passed by Branch No. 2 which contained the following:

"The blood of an idle and useless aristoeracy is the most convenient medium for nourishing the tree of liberty. 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.' For every miner killed and wounded a millionaire should be treated in a similar manner. The million-aire class is responsible for the slaughter of September 10th, and we regard the torch as the most successful wea-

pon to wield against them."

Fitzgerald Murphy, president of
Branch No. 2, made a speech, in which he said:

"The miners should carry arms, and use them, too. The time has come to meet force with force. I should have told them to shoot to kill. I would kill twenty millionaires today."

MANY TOWNS QUARANTINE.

They Are Afraid of Contact With Passengers From Louisiana.

Advices of Saturday state that the towns on every trunk line opening into New Orleans have declared quarantine against Louisiana. Burgs in Mississippi, Louisians, Texas and Al-abama have declared that no people shall get off trains at their stations who come from the Crescent City.

Other towns, however, have refused to foin in the panic and say that until yellow fever is known absolutely to exist in New Orleans they do not propose to shut themselves in. Some of the cities have adopted more severe measures and have surrounded themselves with shotgun guards.